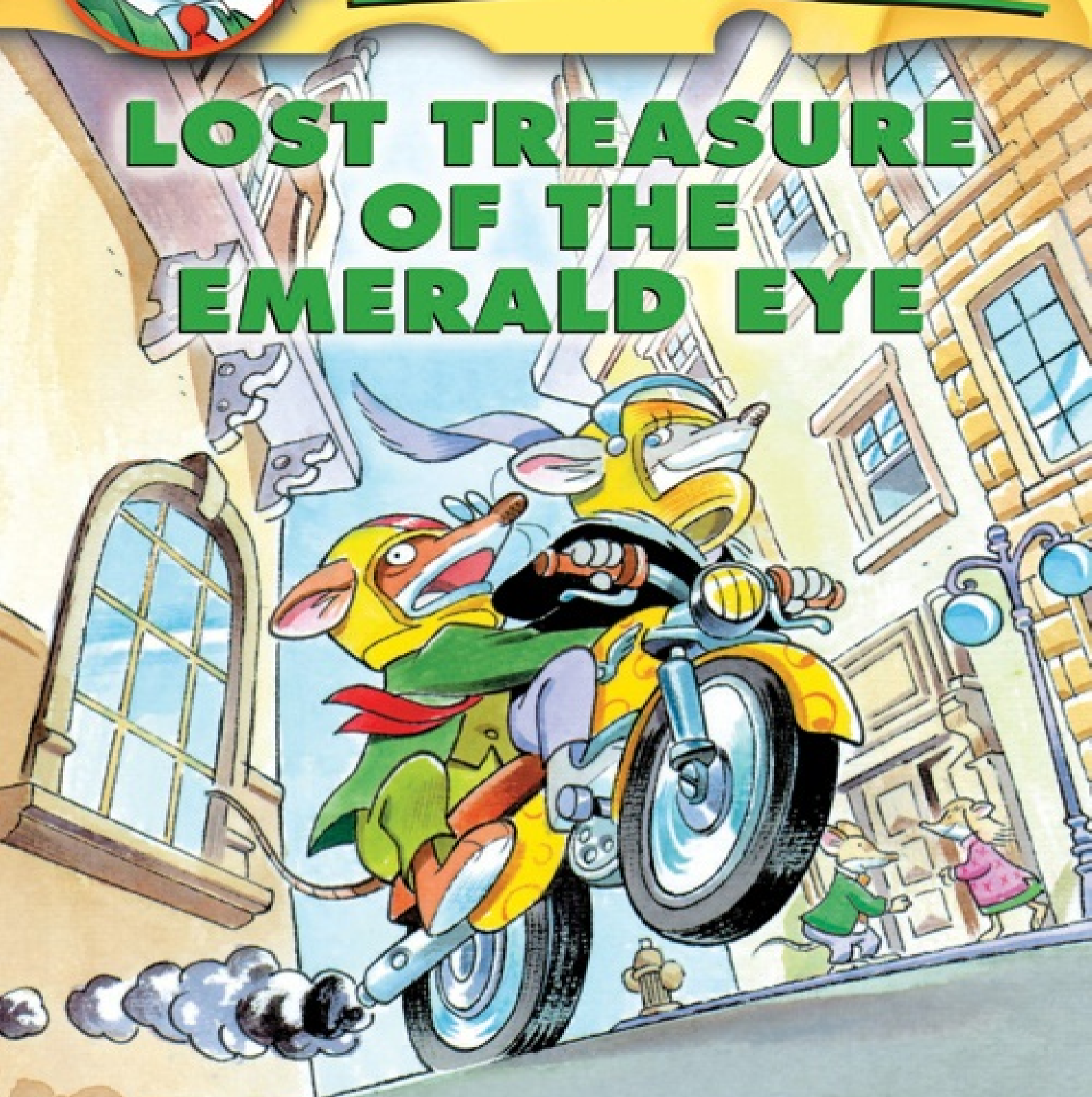




Geronimo Stilton

LOST TREASURE OF THE EMERALD EYE



 SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton







Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

**LOST TREASURE
OF THE
EMERALD EYE**



Scholastic Inc.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

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LATE AGAIN!

“Putrid cheese puffs!” It was nine o’clock and I, Geronimo Stilton, was late for work — again! I rolled out of bed in a minute and was dressed in two. Pretty fast, considering I am really not a morning mouse.

“**CHEESE SLICES!** I hate Monday mornings,” I grumbled while brushing my teeth with **cheddar**-flavored toothpaste. Then I hurried downstairs, stumbled over my tail, and tumbled all the way down to the door.



Thump! Thump! Thump! So much for being quiet as a mouse.

The streets of New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, were as noisy as ever. I guess everyone was late just like me. Cheese delivery trucks were everywhere, horns blasting. Mice, rats, and rodents of every size and shape *raced by* in cars, taxis, and Mouse Jordan sneakers.

"Taxi!" I shouted, jumping into a cab. "Seventeen Swiss Cheese Center."

Minutes later, we pulled up to my editorial office. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I run a newspaper. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.

I took the stairs *two* at a time and burst inside. What a workout! I was *pooped*. Maybe I shouldn't have canceled my membership at Rats La Lanne after all.



But before I could think about it, Mousella,
my secretary, tackled me.

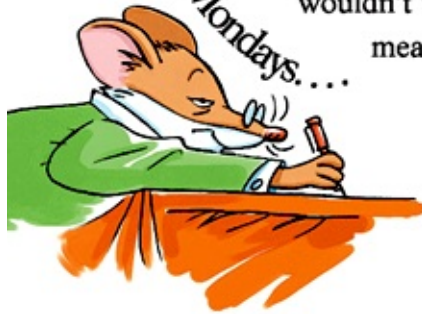
"Mr. Stilton, FINALLY!" she cried, her glasses dangling off one ear. "There is a crowd of rodents waiting to see you: the designers, the printers, the mouse who works the water cooler . . . and the editor in chief wants to speak with you **Immediately.**"

I headed to my desk. Mousella followed.

"The copy machine is jammed," she continued. "Another mailroom mouse quit. And, Boss,

don't forget you promised me a raise!"

My head felt like it was about to explode. Even my whiskers hurt. I wouldn't wish this day on the meanest



EAT ever!

Finally, we were seated.

"So what is it?" I asked impatiently.

But my sister was busy looking at the menu. "Why don't we order first," she said. "Cheddar ravioli for two!" she told the waiter. "With ~~e~~*extra-spicy* tomato sauce."

"Spicy?" I groaned. "You know I get **HEARTBURN**." Did I mention my sister can be incredibly annoying at times?

Thea waved her paw. "Oh, please. You could use a little spice in your life. Besides, you'll have to get used to eating all sorts of food on *our trip*," she whispered, winking at me.

"Trip? What trip?" I asked.

Ssssssh! ***Ssssssh!*** *Ssssssh!* Do you want everybody to know?" she said, pinching my tail.

Before I knew it, I had promised to go with her on her ridiculous treasure-hunting trip. And as every respectable mouse knows, a rodent's promise is nothing to joke about.

"CHEWY CHEESE BITS!" shouted Thea, breaking into a dance.

Then Thea showed me a boat belonging to an old retired sea captain. It was the color of cheddar, extra-sharp, my favorite. The ship's name seemed to be a good sign, too: *Lucky Lady*.

My sister stared at the ship, then she winked at me. "You know, two sailors are really not enough for this boat," she said. "Do you know who else could come with us? Trap! He says he's an expert **SAILOR!**"

SAILOR! SAILOR! SAILOR! SAILOR!

My memories of my cousin Trap

Stilton, also known as Pushy Paws, were not
very good. When he was young



“CAT!

laughter.

Ha! Ha!" he sputtered.

ROLLING HER

smirked Trap.

oo!" smirked Trap.

eyes shining. Then he

turned back to us.

W W W W W W W W W W !!!

“So **anyway**, what are you two looking for? I don’t have much time to shoot the cheese. I’m a **very** busy mouse, you know,” he added with pride, puffing up his **fur**.

Trap listened to Thea’s plans with half-closed eyes. But I could tell he was interested because his tail started to twitch when she mentioned the **Emerald Eye**.

OK “OK, I’ll join you,” he agreed. “But anyone who dares to lay a paw on my part of the treasure is a dead rat!”

We toasted to a successful trip, and twisting our tails together we squeaked: “To our trip!”

Friends together!
Mice forever!



TAKE ME WITH YOU!

On my way home, I stopped by to say hello to my favorite nephew, Benjamin. He's a cute **little guy** with tiny **Flappy** ears.

"Uncle, read me a story!" he cried when he saw me. So I **SAT DOWN** in the big, **comfy** chair in the den.

Ben loves stories. When he was younger, he always zonked out before I had a chance to finish my tale. That's why I dedicated my book *Stilton's Cheesy Tales for Tiny Mice* to him.





*"To Ben," I wrote.
"May you stay awake
long enough to finish
this book!"*

Today I can hardly believe my little nephew is already nine years old! I remember when he was just a squeaky little thing, drinking cheese sauce from a baby bottle!

"You're going on a trip?" Ben asked when he heard about my plans. "Oh, please, please, please take me with you, Uncle! I can be your assistant. I can carry your notebooks. And I can sharpen your pencils with my cat-tooth pencil sharpener," he pleaded.

"Sorry, Ben," I said, ruffling his fur. "Maybe next time, when you're a little older."

Then I laid my right paw on my **HÉ-ART** and tugged at my whiskers with my left paw. This is a salute that we mice use on *special occasions*. It means that the **HÉ-ARTS** of two mice who love each other will always stay connected.





ANYTHING MISSING?

15 Fifteen pounds of extra-sharp cheddar

80 eighty boxes of mac and cheese

10 ten tubs of Swiss

9 nine bags of nacho cheese chips, unsalted...

The next morning, I stood on the deck of the *Lucky Lady*, reading out a list of our supplies. What a mess!

"Trap, fill up the water tank," I instructed my cousin, but instead of filling the water tank, he poured water into the fuel tank! "What



are you doing?!" I squeaked. "I think you had better lay off the extra-sharp — it seems to be affecting your brain!"

I turned to my sister.

"Thea, *run* and get me the compass I

ordered down at Boats, Masts, and Beyond. Ask to see the owner, **Squeaky La Rue**, also known as **The Squeak**. He's a friend of mine, so he should give you a discount. You can't miss him. He's a *tall, thin*, gray mouse with a tail so furry you could use it to dust every room in your mousehole."



Just then I noticed Trap *talking* to the young ship rat on the boat next to ours.

"That's right, my young rat friend,"



he whispered. "Don't tell anyone . . . we're looking for something but I can't tell you what. . . . It begins with a T and ends with an E. . . . That's right, it's on an island."

Quick as a cat at a mouse convention, I leaped up and yanked Trap away by the tail. "Are you going to blurt out the whole story about the treasure?" I *hissed*.

Trap gave me an innocent smile. "Did **I** mention a treasure? There are lots of words that begin with **T** and end with **E**, you know," he smirked. "**Telephone**, for example. Or how about **ticktacktoe**?"

I banged my head against the side of the ship.

By six o'clock that night, we had finished loading. I rushed to **Rats Authority**, the best store in town for sporting goods.

"Can you help me, please?" I said to

Scratch, the mouse who owns the place. “I want to get everything I would need for a long sea voyage. And I’m in a big rush, so if you could hurry . . .”

“Well, tickle me with a cat-fur feather! If it isn’t *Geronimo Stilton*, the newspaper mouse!” Scratch cried. “What an honor!”

He then began to drag out **ev-er-y-thing** in the entire store. My head was spinning. There were ten pairs of waterproof underwear, a floppy cheddar-colored straw hat that squeaked if you stayed out in the sun too long, and a life raft shaped like a slice of cheese on a five-foot-long cracker.



"I also need a suitcase," I said to Scratch.
"Or better yet, a big trunk!"

"I've got just the thing for a sharp mouse like you, Mr. Stilton!" he remarked, his ~~eyes~~ **gleaming**. "Follow me."



He led me to the back of the store, where he unlocked the door to a small room. Then, like the famous magician Harry Ratini, he lifted a silk cloth with a flourish.

There stood a trunk as **TALL** as a circus mouse on stilts.

It was covered in bright **YELLOW** leather that glowed in the dark. It was as **wide** as the giant from *Rat and the Beanstalk* and as **long** as the line for cheese danish at the bakery on Sunday morning.

"Isn't it a beauty?" asked Scratch.

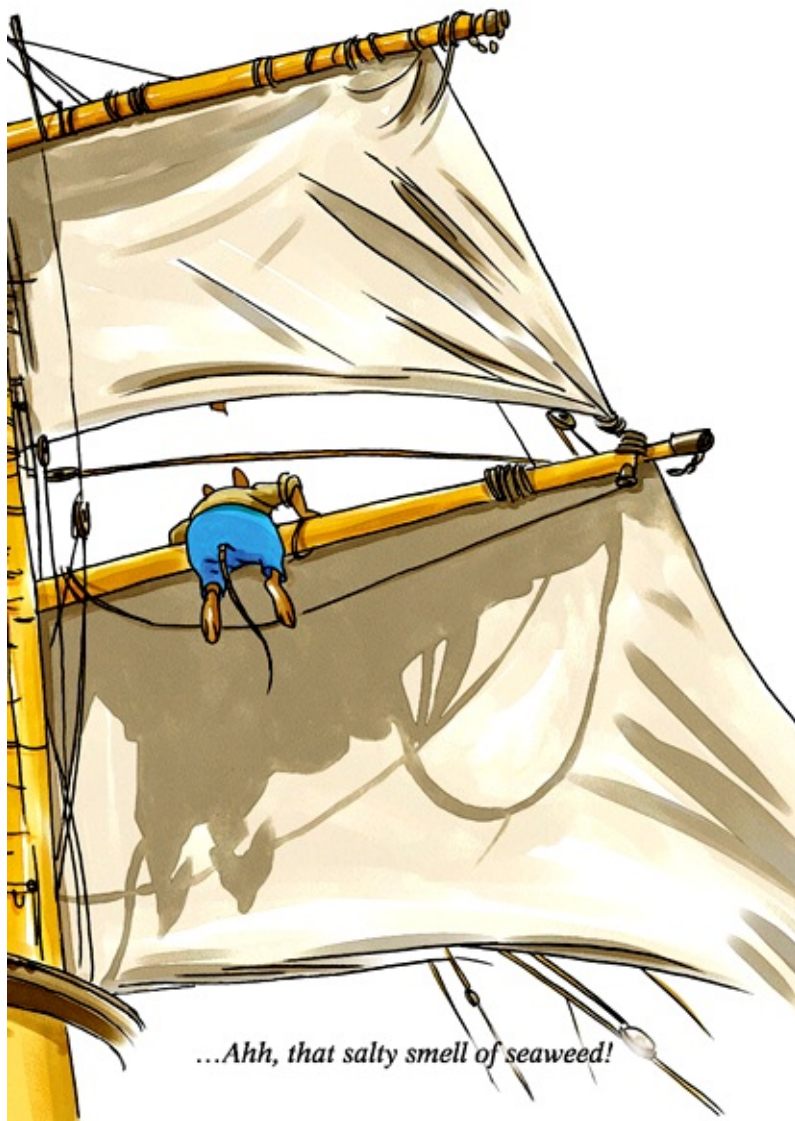
I nodded and **carefully** lifted the lid. Holey cheese! You could fit a sumo mouse inside!

I spotted several coat hangers made of **cheese** cloth and a whole shelf just for hats. There was a shiny cat-tooth comb and a wire brush for tough whiskers. The trunk also had a space for **office** supplies: paper, pens, paperweights, a **tiny**, **tiny** secret compartment, you name it.

"I'll take it!" I **SQUEAKED**.

"I knew you would like it, *Mr. Stilton!* This is the real deal." He beamed, running his paws over the trunk. "It's just the thing for an adventurous seagoing mouse such as yourself. Wish you could take me along."

Hmm. Geronimo Stilton: Fearless Sailor of the High Seas, I thought. Had a nice ring to it. I just might enjoy this trip after all!



...Ahh, that salty smell of seaweed!



FIRST DAWN AT SEA

Ahh, the cool breeze blowing in off the sea . . . Ahh, that salty smell of seaweed . . .

I was starting to get into this sailing thing. It was so relaxing. Sort of like sitting in Great Grandma Tanglefur's rocking chair. **Holding** the tiller of the *Lucky Lady* in my paws, I stared out over the *ocean waves*. It was dawn, and the sun was just coming up, pale as a slice of Swiss cheese.

We had just left the harbor, but I felt as if I'd been sailing all my life! I was wearing a bright yellow windbreaker jacket with matching yellow pants and my new yellow hat.



Can you guess what
my favorite color is?
Yep, there's nothing like a
little yellow to **cheer**
up a mouse. It is the most
popular **color** on our island.



We have yellow cars, yellow schools, and
yellow airplanes. In fact, one year, even
Santa Mouse wore a **YELLOW SUIT**
instead of a red one! My nephew Ben wasn't
too crazy about that, though.

I smiled. I missed Ben so much. Funny
how such a small mouse could give you
such a big heartache!



My daydreams were
interrupted by Trap.

He appeared on deck
mulching on a bag
of nacho cheese chips.

"Hey there, Cousin," he squeaked with his mouth full. "Want some?"

"Be careful!" I warned. "Don't get any grease on the deck!"

"You're such a **WORRYWART**," he muttered, laying his greasy paw right on the deck.

I closed my eyes and counted to ten.

"Just bring me my chart." I sighed. "I need to see if we are on course for Treasure Island."

"**Hey, no problemo**, my little cousin!" squeaked Trap, waving a life buoy at me. He did a little dance.

"Look out!" I shrieked.

"You almost stepped on my glasses!" I broke out in a **COLD SWEAT**. Without my glasses, I couldn't tell the difference

Benjamin, too, of course)! It was my **TRUNK**! I grabbed it with all my mousely strength.

Safe! We were safe!

Standing upright on the trunk, I scanned the horizon for Thea and Trap. Not a head or tail in sight. By afternoon, I was beginning to lose hope. But then I spied two very, very small dots in the distance. My heart beat so **FAST** even my fur stood up to see what all the fuss was about.

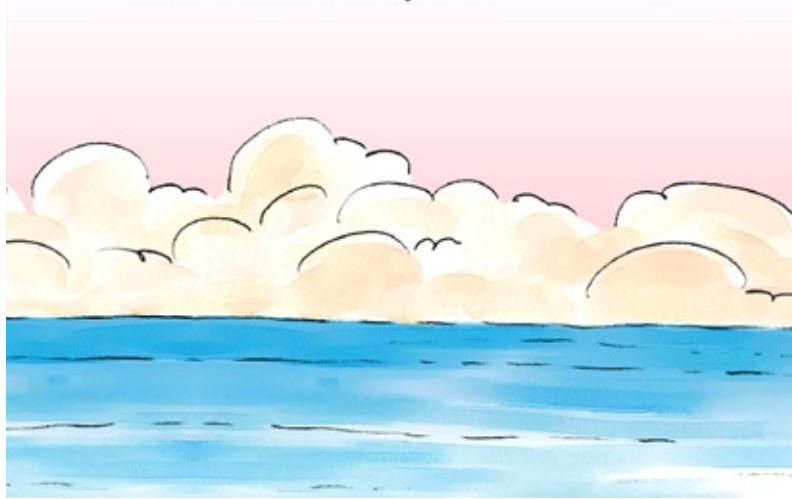


“Thea! Trap!” I shouted at the top of my lungs. It was my sister and my cousin, all right! I paddled out to them, paws flying.


“Take hold of my tail!” I shouted as I dragged them in.

“I really thought it was the end, Cousin!” panted Trap, collapsing onto the **TRUNK**.

Thea wrapped her tail around mine. “Big brother, I’m so glad you’re okay!” She sighed. I hugged her tight. Tears rolled down Thea’s wet, furry face.



Trap, was crying, too, for different reasons.
“The Emerald Eye,” he sobbed.
“We’ll never find it now, without the map!”

I glanced at my sister. For some reason,
 she was grinning. “Did
someone say map?”

She slipped a paw under her
sweater, and out came the
crumpled-up map!

-CRUNCHY CHEESE CHUNKS!-
shouted Trap. He threw his paws in the air
like he’d just won tickets to the
Supermouse Bowl.

Hooray!
Hooray!
Hooray!!
Hooray!
Hooray!
Hooray!
Hooray!
Hooray!

Just then, Benjamin opened his eyes.

"How are you doing, my little mousie?" I asked him.

"Uncle! Is it you, Uncle Geronimo?" he murmured.

"Yes, my dear little Benjamin, it's me," I whispered warmly. "Everything is going to be all right now, you'll see."



Hooray!

Hooray!!

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!



GOOD-BYE, SILK PAJAMAS!

Thea tried to review the situation.

"According to my calculations, we should be right near Treasure Island," she said. Then she pointed to a **black-and-white** dot in the sky. "A pelican! That means we are really close!"

Just then, Trap gave a loud shriek. I **jumped**. "What is it?

Do you always have to shout like that?" I complained.

"I've got an **idea!**" he squeaked in my ear. Then he grabbed the **TRUNK'S** handle, trying to **lift** the lid.



“What are you doing? Do you want to throw us all back in the water?” I protested.

Trap was waving his arms around in the air.

“Why are you flapping your arms?” I shouted at him. “Are you going to tell us you can fly now, too?”

Trap kept waving excitedly. “*Pajamas . . . belt . . . blue stripes!*” he *cried*.

Finally, he managed to rip my comfy blue-and-white-striped pajamas out of the trunk. Then he tore them into two pieces!

“*I REALLY AM A GENIUS!* I am so clever it frightens me at times!” My cousin giggled. He was beginning to sound like a rat who’s eaten one too many slices of American cheese. “We’ll just use this rag to make a sail!”

“Rag? You call this a rag?” I screamed. “These are my silk pajamas with silver *buttons*! They cost me a fortune! They



Ben was the first one to reach the island.



LAAAAAND HO!

Finally, at sunrise on the eighth day of our pajama-sailing adventure, I heard someone squeaking, “**Laaaaand ho!**”

I stared at the island emerging from the waves. It got closer and closer. The sea flowed beneath us like an emerald-green carpet.

Ben was the first one to reach the island. The beach was covered with fine white sand. When my cousin landed, he flopped onto his belly and kissed the ground. Then he turned toward us, snout **covered** in sand. He looked like he’d just eaten a doughnut.

“Ratlings,” he said. “No one is going to unglue me from this spot!”

*From now on I am a land mouse,
not a sea mouse! And proud of it!”*

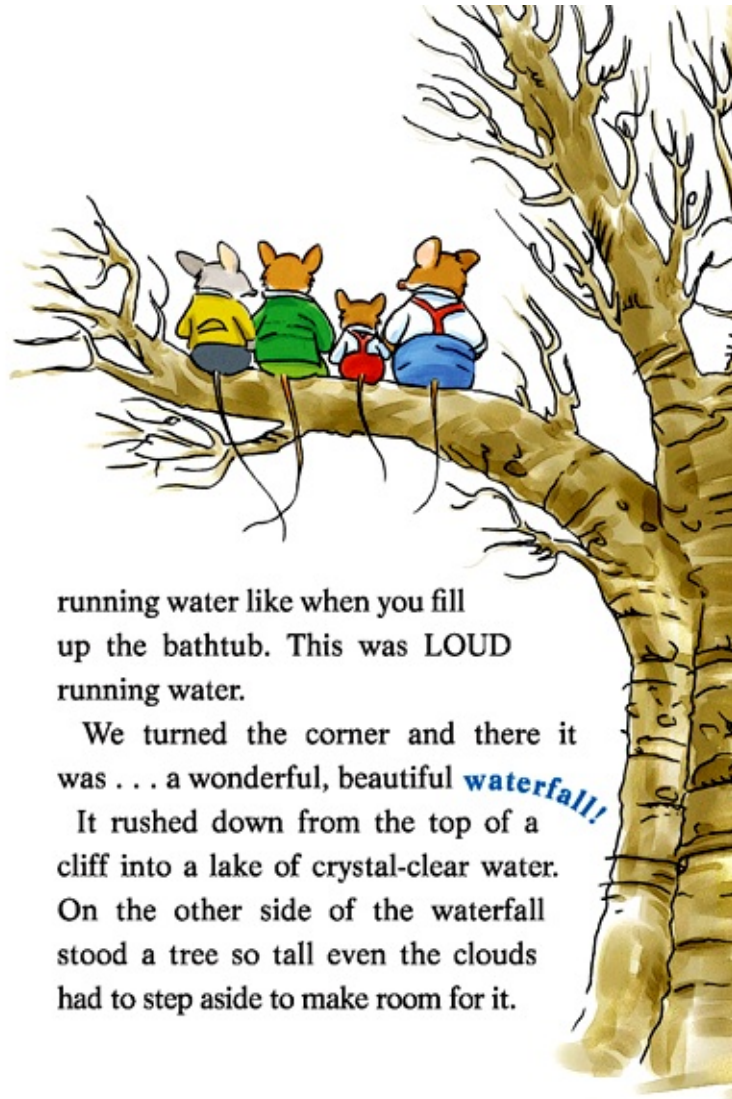


EMERALD-GREEN

Deep *green* water, *green* plants, *green* grass, *green* trees. TREASURE ISLAND would be the perfect place for a Saint Patrat's Day party! The whole place looked like nature had colored it with a magical *green* paintbrush. We dragged the **TRUNK** onto the beach and began to explore the island.

We worked hard to cut a path through the thick plants and shrubs. We struggled over gigantic *rocks* covered in slippery *moss*. Then we tried following a line of leafy green palm trees. It was tough going.

We had been hiking for about ten minutes when we heard a noise. It sounded like running water. No, not just plain old



running water like when you fill
up the bathtub. This was LOUD
running water.

We turned the corner and there it
was . . . a wonderful, beautiful **waterfall!**

It rushed down from the top of a
cliff into a lake of crystal-clear water.
On the other side of the waterfall
stood a tree so tall even the clouds
had to step aside to make room for it.

Its enormous **ROOTS** clung to the **ROCKS** like a cat with a tuna sandwich. The island was **THICK** with fruit-bearing trees. Bananas, mangoes, and papayas hung over our heads. For a minute, I felt like I was strolling through the supermarket. I picked some **fruity** and took it back to my friends. Benjamin shrieked with joy as he hurled himself onto a big slice of papaya.



“**Gerry** has brought us lunch!” shouted Thea, jumping out of the water.

“Hooray! Way to go, **Geronimouse**. I’m starved!” squeaked Trap.

“Geronimouse? Geronimouse? How many times do I have to say it? If I’ve told you once I’ve told you a hundred times . . . my name is . . .

-NI-MO!

why, why, oh, why do I always have to repeat it?



LINE UP!

That night, we slept in the big **TREE** on the other side of the waterfall. We lay in a hollow where two branches joined. Our backs were pressed together for support. Still, I didn't sleep a wink. I was too afraid of falling out of the tree.

Next morning, we all gathered for a meeting. We had to decide who would be in charge on the island.

"We will vote by a show of paws!" I said.

Of course, Trap voted for himself. Thea voted for me. And Benjamin and I gave our votes to Thea.

My sister cleared her throat. "**Friends**, I want you to know you won't regret your

choice,” she said, wiping away a small tear.

Then . . .

“**Line up** now!” she shouted. “I will begin by assigning your duties. At noon, you will report to me . . . and you will be on time! When I say noon, I mean noon! Not one minute before, not one minute later!

IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?

I don’t hear you!!!!”

“Ugh! She’s already gotten a swollen head! I knew I was right to vote for myself,” muttered Trap under his whiskers.

Thea was walking **up** and **down** the beach. “We shall build a shelter under the **TREE**. It will take us two, no, three days to finish it. Then we leave in search of the **Emerald Eye!**”

Trap’s eyes lit up again. “The treasure! Now you’re talking!” He grinned.



In the meantime, Thea had grabbed a sheet of paper and was scribbling down tasks for all of us. “Geronimo, you will take care of provisions. You’ll gather fruit, berries, and roots. You’ll also fish for crabs. Trap, you will be head chef.”

“EXCELLENT CHOICE, BOSS!”

Just wait till you see what tasty dishes I can prepare! Whisker-licking good!” said my cousin cheerfully.

“Benjamin, you will help me build our shelter under the **TREE**,” Thea continued, without missing a beat. “And now, get going!”

Friends together!
Mice forever!



FROM MY DIARY

Dear Diary,
I am writing on this
banana leaf because there is
no paper left. It took us three
days to build our hut under
the big tree. What a project!
We all pitched in, with Thea squeaking
out orders like an army general. I think
she's getting a little too into her job as
leader — but that's just between you
and me, Diary. I don't want to
end up on bathroom duty . . . or worse!
Speaking of bathrooms, we built one
in our hut. We made a giant wooden
wheel to run the water up from
the stream.

Of course, Thea and Trap are forever fighting over who gets to use the bathroom first. In fact, I can hear them screaming right now. Everything is different on this island, but those two never change! Good-bye, dear Diary, I have to rush to the kitchen. Tonight it's my turn to wash the dishes.

Yours, Geronimo

P.S. I have realized that an adventurous life is definitely not my cup of tea. Oh, how I miss my comfy, safe home!



CHEESE SLICES

That night, Thea stayed up very late. I wondered what my sister had up her sleeve this time. You just never know with that mouse.

Early the next morning, while we were having breakfast, Thea arrived, out of breath. "Hooray! *i did it!*" she cried, waving the map.

Trap jumped. "Do you have to **scream** so early in the morning?" he shouted. "You know I'm not awake until I've had my cup of steamed cheese (two sugars, hold the milk). Now, what is it?"

Thea jumped onto the table and cleared her throat. "I have discovered . . ." she

began. "Drumroll, please." *What?*

"What??" shouted Trap, grabbing her by the tail. *What?*

Thea shot Trap a smug smile. "First I determined our position, using the astrolabe. Then I checked it with a triangulation . . . and worked out the logarithm. . . ."

"ASTROLAMP? STRANGULATION? CONGARHYTHM?" snorted Trap. "Do you mind speaking English? I hate it when you **use such big words!**"

My sister pointed to the map. "First we have to head north toward *More Water Bay*. Then we go around *What's the Point Peak* and head toward *Molehill Mountain*. There we'll find the *Fleariddenfur River*. We follow the river to *Hard as Nails Hill*. And from there, it should be as easy as pie to find the *Emerald Eye!*"

At the mention of the word *emerald*, Trap put his arm around Thea.

“Oh, my little cousin, let me be the first to congratulate you.” He beamed. “Did anyone ever tell you that you are a real **genius**? So where did you say the treasure is exactly?”

Thea snorted. “What is the matter with you? Are your eyes covered with *cheese* slices? Look here at the map,” she squeaked, flapping it under



Trap’s snout. “There is an **X** on it as big as the moon over Mouse Island!”

Trap just smiled and stroked Thea’s paw. “My dear, sweet, kind, beautiful, charming

little cousin," he said. "I suggest we leave tomorrow morning, no, maybe tonight. As a matter of fact, I could be ready to leave

Right now!"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," I jumped in. "We have to map out our route, calculate the times and the stages of our trip."

Trap was getting more and more **frantic**.

"What times . . . what stages? This sly mouse here has already organized everything. We are leaving and that's that!" he squeaked. Then he and Thea put their heads together and began discussing the details of the journey.

Of all the nerve! It seemed as if I was already left out! Meanwhile, my nephew sat munching the last Cheesy Chew with a dreamy expression on his face. "Treasure, real honest-to-goodmouse treasure . . ." he murmured.





ONE SKULL

The plan was to leave at six o'clock the next morning. But by four o'clock, my cousin was already up and about.

"Ratoons, we are leaving!" Trap shouted through a **MEGAPHONE** made of banana leaves.

Thea grabbed a coconut and hurled it at his head. "Do you realize what time it is?" she shrieked, chasing him around our **SHELTER**. "When I catch you, I'm going to use your fur to make earmuffs!"

Trap just giggled. "If you don't hurry, I am going to leave without you!" he shouted through the megaphone. "I am ready to rock! **READY** to roll! **READY** to rumble!"

READY to party! Ready to GO! GO! GO!"

Thea was tearing at her whiskers in a rage.

"You are the one who brought him along!" she yelled at me.



I wanted to say, "Actually, it was your idea," but I stopped myself. The look in my sister's eyes was **MURDEROUS**.

We set out in single file. We marched all day long. By evening, we came to **what's the point peak**. Thea pointed at the map. "We have reached the location of

the first skull. Listen to this secret message:

**"IF YOU FIND A BIG ROCK
THE COLOR OF CHEESE,
DON'T RUN AROUND,
DON'T EVEN SNEEZE!"**

Somewhat puzzled, I looked around. "This must be the rock on the **map**," I said, pointing to a round, cheddar-colored boulder. "It looks good enough to eat!"

I took a few steps forward. "But there is nothing to see here. Just some sand. Actually, a whole bunch of san —"

I didn't get to finish my sentence. I was beginning to sink.

"Look at me!" I giggled. **Hee! Hee!**
"Hee-hee!"
Look, the sand has reached my ankles . . .
no, my knees!"

THEA'S EYES OPENED
WIDE. SHE WAS
NOT LAUGHING.

"Geronimo! I have bad
news for you!" she called.

"Hmm? What bad news?" I
asked, watching the funny sand.

"Geronimo," my sister squeaked, "I think
that's **quicksand**!"

I gulped. "Thundering cattails! Quicksand?"
I shrieked. **"Help!"**

The sand had already reached my bellybutton.

"Stop flapping your arms!" shouted Thea,
holding her paw out.

But I kept flapping and flapping. **"Heeeelp!"**
I shouted as the sand reached my ears.

Trap raced over carrying a long green vine
from a nearby **tree**.

"Grab hold of this, Cousin, if you ever
want to squeak again!" he cried.





TWO SKULLS

Once again, Trap had saved my life.

“Why, oh, why did I ever agree to take this trip? I must be losing my marbles! When I get back to New Mouse City, my fur will have turned white from all these scares,” I mumbled.

“If we ever get back, that is,” added Trap in a grim voice.

He always knew how to cheer me up.

The next morning, we crossed *Molehill Mountain* and marched along the banks of the *Fleariddenfur River*. Finally, we sighted *Hard as Nails Hill*.

“This is it,” announced Thea. “The place of the **TWO SKULLS**.”

I shivered. What would we find this time? More quicksand? Exploding boulders? Grouchy Grandma Onewhisker with a plate of her disgusting Swiss cheese muffins? I looked around. We were in a clearing with one **very tall** tree standing in the center. It was loaded with **big yellow fruit** that looked sort of like pineapples.

Thea read aloud the secret message about the **TWO SKULLS**:

**"BEWARE OF THE HONEY TREE,
ITS FRUITS ARE KNOWN TO SING,
LISTEN, BUT DO NOT TOUCH,
OR YOU WILL FEEL THE STING!"**

Trap stepped forward. "**Fruits that sting?** How ridiculous! Let me take one of them, ratoon! I'll knock one down with

a stone and then we'll see!"

"**STOP!** Don't do it!" I shrieked.



"Don't worry, **Gerrykins**." My cousin laughed. "So what if they sting? Anyway, I'll just avoid touching them. See?"

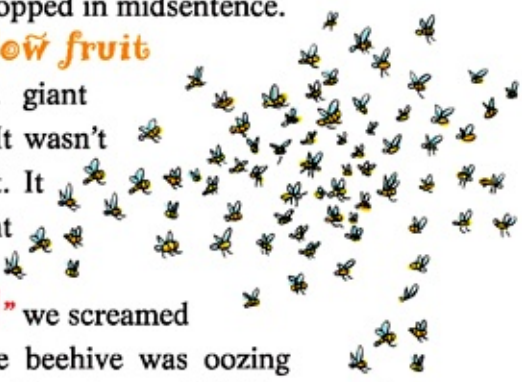
Hee-hee-hee!"

He pitched a stone right at the biggest fruit in the center.

"Don't call me **Gerryk** — " I started to say, but I stopped in midsentence.

The **yellow fruit** was not a giant pineapple. It wasn't even a fruit. It was a giant beehive!

"Help!" we screamed together. The beehive was oozing **thick** golden honey. Within seconds,



swarms of bees flew out from the honeycombs hanging on the branches.

"Hurry! To the river!"
shouted my sister.

We raced to the river with the bees right on our tails.

Then we dove headfirst into the water. The current carried us downstream. When we reached the bank, the bees were gone.

Thea pulled out her map. "Let's see, to our left is *Hard as Nails Hill*, and in front of us is *Pirate's Peak*. That means if

we go forward
we'll hit the

**THREE
SKULLS!"**





THREE SKULLS

C

E

In front of us lay a narrow path made of
stones. Each stone had a letter engraved on it.
Thea read aloud the message on the map.

E

"A DANGEROUS TRAP LIES AHEAD.

H

BE OH SO CAREFUL WHERE YOU TREAD.

SOLVE THIS RIDDLE AND YOU'LL SEE,

THE RIGHT STONES WILL SET YOU FREE.

FOR LUNCH OR A SNACK IT IS DELICIOUS.

WITH LOTS OF HOLES IT'S QUITE NUTRITIOUS.

WHITE OR YELLOW,

SHARP OR MELLOW,

E

LEAVE SOME FOR OTHERS,

BE A GOOD FELLOW!"

S



TENNIS TOP CLUB

Six months have gone by since the day we returned from our trip. I followed Trap's advice and wrote the book. I published it, too. And you'll never guess what happened. It **SOLD**! Like catnip at the Meowville Movie Theater!

The book is already on the **bestseller list** here in New Mouse City.

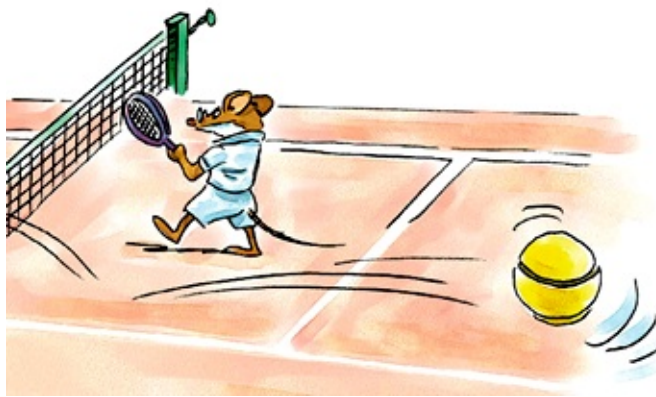
"Now, this is what I call a real treasure!"



shouted my cousin, waving his check in the air. I figured it was only right to give him some money from the book. After all, he was a big part of the adventure. (Even if his was mostly the annoying part!)

To **celebrate** my success, I invited Silky Fur, a **very** pretty lady friend of mine, to the Tennis Top Club. "I couldn't put the book down, you know. I never knew you were so brave!" **whispered** Silky Fur in my ear.

I was beginning to think our adventure might have been worth it after all.





HELLO, GERRY?

rrring, rrrring

At the crack of dawn one morning, I got a call from Thea. “Gerry, get ready for an **UN-BE-LIEV-ABLE** piece of news! Guess what I discovered today?” she squeaked.

“How on earth would I know?” I grumbled, crawling back into bed with the phone.

“Another map. You know what I am talking about!” my sister insisted.

“No, I don’t. What are you talking about? What map?”

“The same as last time! Do you remember The Mouse House? Cheddar ravioli? Extra-spicy sauce? Don’t let me say any more,”

she demanded, sounding mysterious.

The Mouse House?

Cheddar ravioli?

Extra-spicy sauce?

Another map?

I threw back the covers and jumped out of bed. This could mean only one thing. My crazy sister was planning another trip. "Oh, no! Not this time!" I shrieked into the phone. "Not on your life! Don't you have a boyfriend now? Why don't you ask him to go with you?"

"Who? Old Big Ears?"

I got rid of him like moldy cheese."

She giggled.

"But let's talk about more serious matters.



You wouldn't let me go on my own, would you? You are my older brother, after all. Where is your sense of duty? It could be a very **DAN-GER-OUS** journey! Hello, **Gerry?** *Gerry*, are you still there? **Gerry, Gerrrry, Gerrrry!**" squeaked Thea.

Don't call me Gerry, I wanted to say. My name is Geronimo, Geronimo Stilton!

But I had no strength left.

I put the receiver down on my nightstand.

I already knew where this was going to lead. . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 26. Trap's House |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 27. Fashion District |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 5. Cheese Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market | 30. Harbor Office |
| 7. Town Hall | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 32. Golf Course |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 34. Blushing Meadow |
| 11. Trade Center | |



- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|-----|
| Parking Lot | 43. The Statue of Liberty | 21. |
| Museum of Modern Art | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office | 22. |
| University and Library | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House | 23. |
| <i>The Daily Rat</i> | 46. Grandfather William's House | 24. |



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Moosa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!

**Be sure to check
out these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures:**



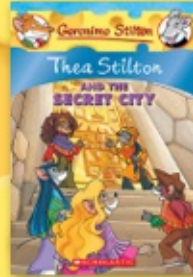
**THEA STILTON
AND THE
DRAGON'S CODE**



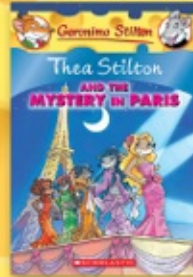
**THEA STILTON
AND THE
MOUNTAIN OF FIRE**



**THEA STILTON
AND THE GHOST OF
THE SHIPWRECK**



**THEA STILTON
AND THE
SECRET CITY**



**THEA STILTON
AND THE MYSTERY
IN PARIS**



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton

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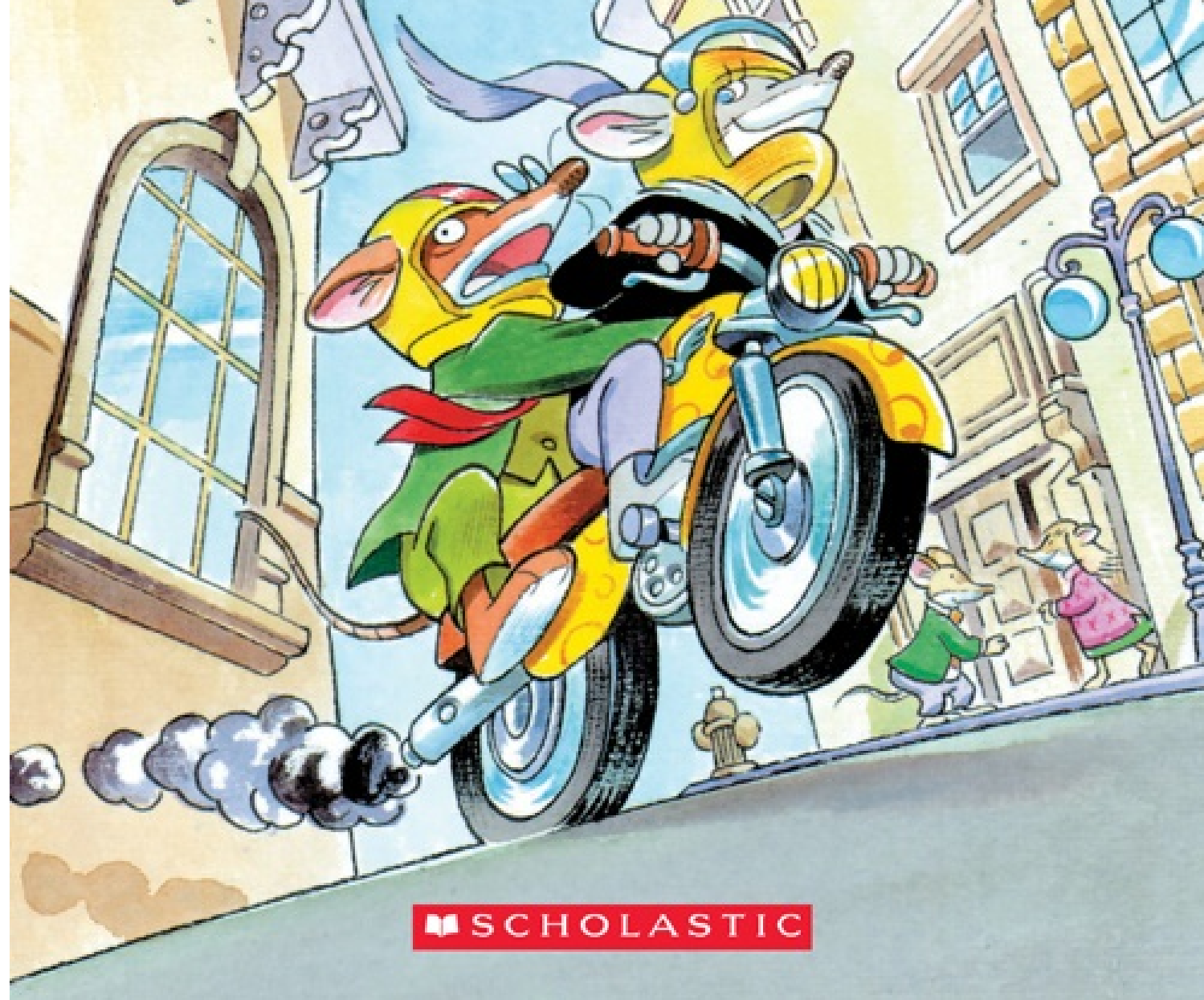
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Geronimo Stilton

LOST TREASURE OF THE EMERALD EYE



 SCHOLASTIC